

WAR FRONT FURY  BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

G.I. COMBAT

JUNE
No. 37

10c

ATTACK AT DAWN

THE DESERTER

QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION



BAYONET
RIDGE

RED AMBUSH
IN MOROCCO



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES this new easy way!

Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up complexion in one week or less!

DON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed. If you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own teen-ager's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is **GUARANTEED** to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

Doesn't Show On Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy salve or ointment!) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect powder base for girls and a refreshing after-shave lotion for men... actually improves the tone of the skin! It is pleasant and easy to use—leaving your skin soft, clean and fragrant.

Works in SIX Out of SEVEN Cases!

An analysis of **RESULTS** taken from actual case histories proves that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six of every seven cases of externally caused blackheads and pimples. It tones up the complexion generally, giving it a healthy, radiant glow.

Try This New Method Without Risking A Penny!

Keraplex is **GUARANTEED** to clear up your skin troubles or there will be **NO COST** to you whatsoever. If yours happens to be the ONE extra-stubborn case out of seven which Keraplex cannot help in one short week, it will cost you nothing to have tried it. Keraplex is sent to you with that simple, positive **GUARANTEE**!

SEND NO MONEY

You need send no money with the coupon below. When postman delivers your Keraplex lotion (in plain wrapper marked "Personal"), deposit with him only the modest price indicated below, plus a few cents postage. Then use your Keraplex morning and night for a full week, following the simple directions which will be enclosed.

If you do not **SEE RESULTS** that delight you—if you are not fully convinced that Keraplex is clearing up your complexion—just return the empty bottle or unused portion and the purchase price will be refunded in full. Don't delay a single day. The longer you let your skin troubles go, the more difficult it will be to clear them up and get your complexion back to a healthy, clear, unblemished condition! Clip and mail the coupon **TODAY**. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.



BEFORE

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.



AFTER

Same young man after using KERAPLEX twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement—pimples completely gone!



BEFORE

Note more than a dozen blemishes on just one side of this girl's face before KERAPLEX was applied.



AFTER

Same girl had used KERAPLEX twice a day for only 5 days when above photo was taken. Note the amazing improvement.

WHAT USERS SAY:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne... and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex... was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lotion to help clear up the pimples on my face."—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape. I can't thank you enough!"—E. S.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 54
STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex **ON APPROVAL**. Send me checked below in plain wrapper marked "Personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with purchase amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the **RESULTS**, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

- ☐ Regular Size, \$1.98
☐ Double Quantity (Two Bottles), \$3.50

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE.** Check here if you **ENCLOSE** payment, in which case no pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with order going to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries. Due to postal restrictions, we are unable to ship by air.

G.I. COMBAT

THE MONSTER RED DAM WAS POISED LIKE A DAGGER AT THE THROAT OF U.N. FORCES -- AND COLONEL "PAPPY" BURN'S GREEN PARATROOPERS LASHED OUT OF THE SKY AMID A HOT-BED OF COMMIE FIRE POWER! RETREAT WOULD SPELL DISASTER FOR TWELVE THOUSAND G-I'S AND THERE WAS NO COURSE TO TAKE BUT BATTLE THROUGH WITH "OPERATION DEATH-DROP" AND...

ATTACK AT DAWN



THE
ATTACK
BEGAN
AT
DAWN!
AS
TWELVE
THOUSAND
U.N. TROOPS
HIT
THE
RED
HELD
MOUNTAIN
RIDGE,
ROCKET
LAUNCHERS
COVERED
THE
ASSAULT
WITH A
BARRAGE!



THEN DIVE BOMBERS STREAKED IN
TO PIN POINT THEIR SEARING NAPALM
BOMBS ON COMMUNIST BUNKERS!



BUT AFTERWARD A CLOUDBURST OF
RED LEAD STILL RAINED UPON
THE ATTACKERS ...

PHOSPHOROUS
GRENADES!
HIT 'EM!



FOR THIS IS THE VITAL MOUNTAIN
RIDGE NORTH OF CHORWAN--THE
RED'S MAIN LINE OF SOUTHERN
DEFENSE! A DEFENSE THAT HAD
TO BE BROKEN ... NOW!

GOTTA DIG 'EM OUT!



FINALLY, THROUGH MURDEROUS,
MULTI-COLORED GRENADE, MORTAR
AND SHELL FIRE THE TROOPS
STUMBLE TO THE MOUNTAIN CREST...

W-WE GOT
'EM! LOOKIT
'EM HIGH
TAIL IT ONTO
THE OPEN
PLAINS!

YAHOO! NO SNIPERS
OR PILL BOX BOOBY
TRAPS OUT THERE!
LET'S GO! JUST A
COUPLE OF MORTAR
LOBBERS LEFT TO
STALL US!



BUT THEN, AS COMPLETE ENEMY ANNIHILATION
APPEARED SCANT HOURS OFF ...

H-HALT THE ADVANCE ...
NOW! BUT, SIR! WE'VE
ROUTED THE ENEMY
ONTO THE PLAINS!
WE'VE GOT CLEAR
SALING!

HUH??

WHAT GIVES?



DIG IN? CAPTAIN, THAT
GIVES THOSE
REDS TIME TO
REGROUP AND
SMACK US
AGAIN!

YEAH!
THE
TOUGH
PART'S OVER,
CAPTN!

I SAID WE'RE
HOLDING ...
HERE!
DIG IN!



SHORTLY ON THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD PHONE AT DIVISION CP THE GRW, IRONIC PICTURE OF BATTLE TOOK FORM...

WE HAD NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO STOP THE ASSAULT DEAD! AIR RECONNAISSANCE BROUGHT US BACK THIS PHOTO! THE REDS HAVE JUST FINISHED CONSTRUCTION OF A DAM SOUTH OF FUKKEI HERE...



RELEASED WATERS FROM THAT DAMMED LAKE WOULD SWEEP ACROSS THE PLAINS -- BOO OUR EQUIPMENT, SWAMP OUR MEN -- MAKE THEM HELPLESS TARGETS FOR THE RETREATING ENEMY FORCES OUTSIDE OF FUKKEI!



CAN WE SKIRT THE PLAINING AREA, GENERAL? ATTACK FROM THE WEST!

YES, IN A MATTER OF WEEKS! BUT WE HAVE THE INITIATIVE NOW! COLONEL BURNS, YOUR 503 PARATROOPERS GROUP IS THE ONLY FORCE AVAILABLE FOR A DROP IN THIS AREA! THEY'RE GREEN UNTESTED -- CAN YOU GET THEM THROUGH?

I'LL DO MY BEST, GENERAL! THAT DAM WILL BE HEAVILY GUARDED!



FAR INTO THE NIGHT COLONEL JONATHAN "PAPPY" BURNS, WORLD WAR II HERO OF DROPS AT BASTOGNE AND ARNHEM PLANS HIS STRATEGY WITH THE GENERAL...

AT ALL COSTS THE FLOOD GATE MECHANISM MUST NOT BE DESTROYED! SHOULD WE BE FORCED TO WITHDRAW LATER THAT FLOOD WATER CAN SERVE TO COVER OUR RETREAT!

YES, GENERAL!... WE HAVE A BIG JOB ON OUR HANDS! BUT IT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED -- WITH LUCK!



NEXT MORNING, AS COLONEL BURNS REACHED HIS 503 PARATROOPERS...

NOT ONE OF THEM HAVE SEEN ACTION -- AND I'M GIVING THEM THEIR FIRST DROP RIGHT DOWN THE MOUTH OF A CANNON! IT'S GOT TO BE DONE!



COLONEL "PAPPY" BRIEFED HIS TROOPERS! ALL WAS IN READINESS! MISSION "DAY-DROP" ROLLED INTO ACTION!

--SO THAT'S IT! WE'LL TAKE TWENTY MEN IN A GUER! IT'S YOUR FIRST MISSION AND A RUGGED ONE! I'LL ASK FOR VOLUNTEERS!

LET'S GO, PAPPY!

TOUGH MISSIONS ARE YOUR MEAT, PAPPY? JUST LIKE AT BASTOGNE AND ARNHEM! NOW CAN WE MISS?



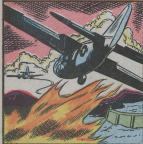
LATER, A GRW COMMANDING OFFICER WATCHED HIS FLEDGLINGS RISE TO THE CRISIS...

EVERY ONE OF THEM WANTED TO VOLUNTEER! I'M ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THEM AND PANIC -- I'VE GOT TO HOLD THEIR TRUST WHAT-EVER HAPPENS! IN THEIR... FIGHTING IDOL -- THEY DON'T KNOW WAR... YET!

WELL, GUYS, WE GOT TO SEE THE GREAT "PAPPY" BURNS IN ACTION FIRST HAND AT LAST! WE'LL ALL COME BACK HERODE!



NORTHWARD TOWARD THE WAITING RED INFERNO WINGED THE GREEN TROOPERS! THE GLIDER LINES PARTED ...



ENEMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT TORE THE SKY IN A SCREAMING CRESCENDO! THE PLANNED SILENT APPROACH TO DROP POSITION ABOVE THE DAM HAD FAILED!

WIND'S BLOWN OUR SMOKE SCREEN COVER APART! WE'RE SITTING DUCKS FOR THE ACK ACK!



NOSE HER DOWN! PANCAKE HER DEAD AGAINST THE DAM ON THE WATER! WE'VE GOT THIS ONE GLIDER FULL OF JOES TO ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION!

RIGHT, 'PAPPY?

WE'RE WITH YOU, 'PAPPY?



THEN, AS THE CRAFT SLIPPED DOWNWARD ...

NO CHANCE TO JUMP NOW ... OH-H-H!



THE SHELL-TORN GLIDER SNACKED HARD ...



AND ITS INNARDS SPAT HOT DEATH AT THE STARTLED ENEMY ...



TROOPER! TROOPER!

'P-PAPPY! ARE YOU OKAY, SIR?



IM BLIND AS A BAT, TROOPER! SHRAPNEL HAS KNOCKED MY EYESIGHT OUT-- YOU'VE GOT TO BE MY EYES! THE OTHER MEN MUSTN'T KNOW! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? THEY MUSTN'T KNOW!

R-RIGHT, "PAPPY"! HERE HITTING THE DAM GUARDS IN THEIR BUNK HOUSE ON THE DAM'S EAST END!... I'M JOHNSON. SIR!

THAT NOISE! A TANK'S APPROACHING! WHICH DIRECTION, TROOPER? WHICH DIRECTION?

SHE'S HEADING TOWARD THE DAM RUNWAY ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE! WE'VE KNOCKED OUT THE RED GUARDS-- LOOKS LIKE THE TANKS GONNA ROLL ACROSS TOWARD US!

BAZOOKA TEAM A! HIT THE TRACKS ON THAT TANK! STALL HER ON THE DAM TOP... DON'T BLAST HER APART! WE WANT IT FOR COVER! GET MOVING!



THUS DID THE BLIND OFFICER'S ORDERS ELECTRIFY HIS MEN INTO ACTION! BAZOOKA SHELLS SLAMMED ACROSS THE DAM TOP...

WE GOT HER, "PAPPY"!

SHE'S FLING HER ROLLING IRONS!



BUT DEATH STILL CHATTERED FROM THE CRIPPLED TANK'S TURRET...

COLLINS, RYAN, BAKER! FIND THE ENTRANCE DOWN INTO THE DAM'S FLOOD CONTROL CENTER! IF IT'S BOLTED BLAST IT-- DON'T LET THOSE GATES BE OPENED... JOHNSON... THAT .50 CALIBER! WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

THE TANK, "PAPPY"! THE REDS ARE STILL JUMPING INSIDE! THEY'RE LAYING A CURTAIN OF FIRE ACROSS THE DAM TOP! WE CAN'T GET TO IT!



GIVE ME EVERY DETAIL! OUR POSITION, THE TANK'S, THE LAY OUT OF THE DAM!

WE'RE ABOUT SIXTY YARDS FROM THE TANK... THE DAM'S TWENTY FEET WIDE-- THERE'S A PIPE JUTTING OUT OF A SUPER STRUCTURE HALF WAY TO THE ENEMY VEHICLE... LOOKS LIKE THE REDS ARE MOVIN' IN THROUGH THE WOODS OPPOSITE US!

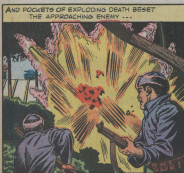
A PIPE HALF WAY ON A SUPER STRUCTURE, EH!... GET PETERS! THE TROOPER THEY CALL "COWBOY"!



I'VE SEEN YOU PLAY HOPALONG CASSIDY WITH A LARIAT BACK AT CAMP! GET A ROPE! TOSS IT OVER THAT PIPE PROJECTION! THEN GRAB A FLAME THROWER! CAN YOU MAKE IT?

I... I GUESS SO, "PAPPY"!





THEN THERE WAS QUIET... BUT NO SURPRISE
FOR THE BLINDED "PAPPY"....

THREE FOURTHS OF
OUR AMMO IS GONE!
CHUTE SOME TO US
--AND HURRY!

HEY! PAPPY
LOOKS KINDA
GODD LIKE!

YEAH... HE'S
SURE UNDER
A LOT OF
PRESSURE!



AS THE ENEMY REGROUPED ALL TROOPERS' EYES
SEARCHED THE SKY ANXIOUSLY! THEN, THE STILL-
NESS WAS BROKEN... BUT NOT BY A FRIENDLY NOISE...

HEY! WHAT'S THAT
...A PLANE?

NO!! IT SOUNDS
MORE LIKE A...

SSSSSS-SSSS



...A
TORPEDO!!

THE COLONEL'S
RIGHT!
HIT IT,
GANG!



THE REOS ARE
LAUNCHING
TORPEDOES
AT US FROM
THE LAKE SOB,
SIR! I CAN
MAKE OUT
TWO...THREE
MORE ON
THE WAY!

T-THEY'RE DES-
PERATE! TRYING
TO CRACK THIS
DAM TO FLOOD
OUR ATTACKING
FORCE! TROOPERS!
GET THOSE TIN
FISH IN YOUR
SIGHTS... ON
THE DOUBLE!



BLAST 'EM OUT OF
THE WATER! MORTAR
TEAM -- ZERO IN THEIR
LAUNCHING SIGHT AND
START SHELLING!

T-THEY CAN'T SIR!
IT'S ... OUT OF
RANGE!



I--I CAN MAKE
OUT ANOTHER
ONE COMING,
SIR!

GREAT SCOTT!
WE CAN'T KEEP
HITTING THEM
FOREVER! WE'RE
HELPLESS...

MAYBE I GOT
A CURE FOR
TORPEDO
SICKNESS,
SIR!



WITHOUT HESITATION, TROOPER J. EDWARDS SHED HIS GEAR AND DOVE INTO THE WATER--BAIT FOR THE ONCOMING TORPEDO!

H-HEY, JOEY--YOU'LL GET A SECTION # 8 FOR THIS!

CMON BACK, KID!

CEASE FIRE! WE CAN'T RISK HITTING OUR OWN MAN!



TROOPER EDWARDS LINED HIMSELF UP DEAD-ON TORPEDO! THEN, AS THE MISSILE PAST BEFORE HIM--

WHAT'S HE DOIN'--PLAYING TAG WITH THAT THING?

NO... HE'S ADJUSTED THE RUDDER!



60SH... HE'S TURNED THE THING AROUND!

YAHOO! IT'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT BACK THE WAY IT CAME!



--14..15..16 SECONDS LATER THE RESULT OF TROOPER EDWARDS BRAVE ACTION WAS HEARD ...

THAT SHE BLOWS! HA, HA! YOU DID IT, PAL!

NO MORE TORPEDOES TO SWEAT OUT... THANKS TO YOU, JOEY!

THAT KID WILL GET A MEDAL WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE... IF WE GET OUT!



THE LITTLE BAND OF GAMBOL TROOPERS CONTINUE THEIR DESPERATE HOLDING ACTION--BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN COURAGE TO COPE WITH A WELL ARMED ENEMY...

WE'RE DOWN TO OUR LAST CASE OF 80-30 AMMO... MORTAR SHELLS CAN BE COUNTED ON ONE FINGER, SIR! I'M AFRAID WE'RE NEAR SUNK!

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD! ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO AND THE ADVANCE WILL CLEAR THE PLAINS! THAT SOUND--JOHNSON! JOHNSON!

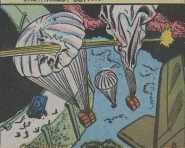


YOU HEARD RIGHT, SIR! THEY'RE OURS! THREE PLANE LOADS OF RED EATIN' AMMO ON THE WAY!

I--I KNEW THEY'D COME THROUGH IN TIME!



THE CRAFT CIRCLE OVER THE TINY DROP ZONE-- THEN CHUTE THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO BATHWARD! BUT....



SOME OF THEM MISSED TARGET, SR -- THE REDS SHOT THE OTHERS UP BEFORE THEY REACHED US! WE DIDN'T GET OUR HANDS ON ONE!

ROTTEN BREAK! ALL RIGHT, JOHNSON -- WE'LL HAVE TO HOLE UP DOWN IN THE DAM CONTROL ROOM FOR A LAST STAND! LEAD ME TO THE STAIRS -- AND NOT A WORD ABOUT MY CONDITION!

WE'RE MOVING DOWN IN THE DAM MEN -- BRING ALL YOUR AMMO!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SIR -- A FEW MORE REDS WANT TO JOIN THEIR ANCESTORS!

COLONEL "PAPPY" ORDERED A MAKE-SHIFT STRONGHOLD IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE DAM ...

WHEN THEY BARGE IN THAT ENTRANCE BLAST THEM TO OBIVION! AS SOON AS THE AMMO RUNS OUT I'LL SEE THAT THE FLOOD MECHANISM IS DESTROYED! ON YOUR TOES -- EVERYONE!

YOU CAN COUNT ON US, "PAPPY"!

AN IRON DOOR SEPARATED THE GALLANT MEN FROM THE BLOODTHIRSTY REDS -- BUT DOORS CAN BE OPENED ...

N-WON'T BE LONG NOW!

ANOTHER FEW WALLOPS AND THEY'LL BE THROUGH ...

STEADY, MEN ... STEADY!



SUDDENLY...

HEY! WONDER WHAT ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT! THEY STOPPED BATTERING!

HUMPH! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE PRACTICING FOR THE KILL!

WHEN THE DOOR GIVES PICK YOUR TARGET AND SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER!



THE BATTERING BEGAN ONCE AGAIN -- THE GREAT FRAME SHUTTERED VIOLENTLY! THEN ...

H-HOLD YOUR PREE! IT'S OUR BOYS!

H-HUH --? WELL, WHATA YA KNOW -- JOE INFANTRY HIMSELF! NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE 'EM IN MY LIFE!



YES -- RELIEF CAME NONE TOO SOON FOR THE 508 PARATROOPERS! AND IT WASN'T UNTIL THEN THAT THE MEN LEARNED THE FATE OF THEIR LEADER ...

HE'S BEEN BLIND SINCE THE JUMP-OFF, FELLERS! BUT HE WOULDN'T LET ME TELL YA!

GOSH -- AND HE WAS GIVIN' US FIGHTING DIRECTIONS! WHAT A GUY!

RELAX, BOYS! YOUR COLONEL WILL BE ALL RIGHT! HE'S SUFFERIN' FROM WHAT WE CALL, FLASH-BLINDNESS! IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY!



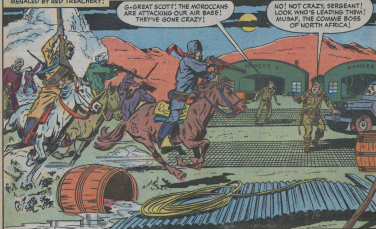
G.I. COMBAT

RED AMBUSH IN MOROCCO

THE MEDDLING HAND OF THE KREMLIN REACHES MALICIOUSLY ALL OVER THE GLOBE... FANNING THE FLAME OF TROUBLE IN LATIN AMERICA, STRIKING LIKE AN IRON FIST IN KOREA AND INDIA-CHINA, TICKLING AN EGYPTIAN RIB IN THE NEAR EAST, SLAPPING THEIR EUROPEAN SATELITES INTO PROVOCATION AGAINST THEIR WESTERN NEIGHBORS, OR NUDGING THE ARABS OF NORTH AFRICA INTO FUTILE, DREADFUL BATTLE AGAINST THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT! HERE IS THE LITTLE-KNOWN STORY OF THE GALLANTRY OF A BAND OF AMERICAN G.I.'S WHO WERE VICIOUSLY MENACED BY RED TREACHERY!

G-GREAT SCOTT! THE MOROCCANS ARE ATTACKING OUR AIR BASE! THEY'VE GONE CRAZY!

NO! NOT CRAZY, SERGEANT! LOOK WHO'S LEADING THEM! MUSAF, THE COMMIE BOSS OF NORTH AFRICA!



SOMEWHERE IN FRENCH MOROCCO, AS A PACK OF HATE-DRIVEN TRIBESMEN ATTACK A FRENCH SUPPLY CARAVAN....

DON'T HIDE BEHIND ROCKS, YOU FOOLS! FIRE AT THE INTRUDERS! ATTACK THEM!



DOWN THE SLOPE, YOU COWARDS! HOW CAN YOU CAPTURE THEIR TRUCKS IF YOU HUG THE GROUND UP HERE? GET DOWN...OR I'LL KNOCK YOU DOWN!

Y-YES, MUSAF! WE GO!



WAIT, MUSAF! A FRENCH ARMORED UNIT! IT IS COMING UP THE PASS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, EL KORO! SOUND THE RETREAT BEFORE YOUR NUMBERS ARE CUT TO RIBBONS! WE HAVE MISSED OUR OPPORTUNITY!

YOUR CREATURES ARE NOT SOLDIERS, EL KORO! AT THE SOUND OF A SHOT THEY FLEE LIKE RABBITS! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE TO BUILD COURAGE INTO THEIR FRIGHTENED BODIES! AN INCIDENT, A TRIUMPH THAT WILL INCREASE THEIR AUDACITY!

THAT NIGHT AS SHIEK EL KORO'S TRIBESMEN REST THEIR BONES...

EL KORO IS AS WITLESS AS THE JACKALS WHO FOLLOW HIM; HE THINKS THAT I, MUSAF, EMISSARY OF MOSCOW, AM INTERESTED IN HIS STUPID UPRISINGS!

AYE, MUSAF! BUT YOU MUST MAKE HIM BELIEVE YOU'RE ON HIS SIDE!

HIS SIDE, FOOL? A COMMUNIST HAS ONLY ONE SIDE! THE WORLD INTERESTS OF THE KREMLIN! THE COMMUNIST CAUSE IS **ADVANCED** BY THIS COLONIAL UNREST! OUR JOB IS TO FOMENT AS MUCH TROUBLE AS POSSIBLE ON WHICH OUR PROPAGANDA CAN FEED!

THESE GREEDY SHIEKS ARE MY DUPES! LIKEWISE THEIR IGNORANT TRIBESMEN! THEY RISK THEIR LIVES, WHILE WE BENEFIT FROM FRENCH EMBARRASSMENT!

TOMORROW, WHEN OUR ARMS SHIPMENT ARRIVES FROM CASHA-BLANCA, EL KORO WILL BE EATING OUT OF MY HAND! IT WILL BE ONE DELICIOUS MEAL! I'LL FORCE HIM TO DEVOUR, EH?

AYE, MUSAF! THE AMERICAN AIR BASE AT LAKUAM!

AT DAWN THAT DAY, ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE AMERICAN AIR FORCE BASE AT LAKUAM!

THE AMERICANS WILL RUE THE DAY THEY LEASED THEIR AIR BASES FROM THE FRENCH! WHEN OUR CHANCE ARRIVES...

IT IS HERE, MUSAF! MOHAMMED, OUR SPY AT THE AMERICAN BASE IS SIGNALING US FRANTICALLY! HE HAS EXCITING NEWS!

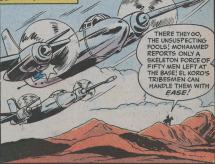


MUSAF? THIS IS MOHAMMED! OUR PLANS CAN **NOW** GO THROUGH! THE ENTIRE AMERICAN AIR GROUP IS LEAVING AT NOON, TRANSFERRED ELSEWHERE! A NEW SQUADRON IS TAKING ITS PLACE! BUT NOT FOR TWO DAYS!

WONDERFUL, MOHAMMED! STAY AT YOUR POST! YOU ARE INVALUABLE TO US!



AT NOON, THAT DAY...



THERE THEY GO, THE UNSUSPECTING FOOLS! MOHAMMED REPORTS ONLY A SKELETON FORCE OF FIFTY MEN LEFT AT THE BASE! EL KORD'S TRIBESMEN CAN HANDLE THEM WITH EASE!

LATER THAT MORNING...

BUT, MUSAF... THE BASE IS NOT FRENCH! IT IS AMERICAN!

BUT YOUR TRIBESMEN KNOW FROM NOTHING! THEY ONLY KNOW WHAT YOU TELL THEM! TELL THEM IT IS FRENCH AND THEY WILL BELIEVE IT IS FRENCH!



BUT WHAT CAN WE GAIN BY ATTACKING AN AMERICAN BASE?

IT WILL DRAMATICALLY POINT UP THE UNREST IN NORTH AFRICA AND THE FRENCH *INABILITY* TO COPE WITH IT! AS FOR YOUR PACK OF JACKALS, A SUCCESS WILL ENCOURAGE THEM TO GREATER AUSAQITY! NO MORE DISCUSSION! IF YOU WANT OUR MUTILATIONS, DO AS I SAY!



THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE BASE'S WESTERN OUTPOST...

H-HEY! SERGEANT! THERE'S A PACK OF NATIVES HEADIN' THIS WAY! I-I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT!

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY WOULDN'T ATTACK AN AMERICAN BASE!



THEY WOULDN'T, HUH? I CALL IT A DARN GOOD *MUTATION*! THAT'S REAL LEAD THEY'RE THROWIN'!

Y-YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY MUST'VE COKE NUTS! SIGNAL THE BASE!



BUT THE G.I.'S AT THE BASE ALREADY *KNOW* THE SITUATION, AS THE SHRIEKING HORDES CONVERGE ON THE AIRSTRIP FROM ALL SIDES!

I-I DON'T GET IT! THEY CAN SEE AS PLAIN AS DAY THE INSIGNIAS PAINTED ON ALL THE HANGARS! WE'RE AMERICANS!

WE'RE DEAD DUCKS IF THOSE CHARACTERS EVER CLOSE IN ON US! BACK TO THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN FRONT OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING...

W-WHAT'S GOW'N, CAPTAIN ANDERSON? DID THESE NOMADS LOSE THE LITTLE BRAINS THEY'VE GOT?

I DON'T KNOW, SERGEANT DENBY! HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE UP TO! BUT WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT OURSELVES ---AND THIS BASE! TAKE COVER!



WHAT ABOUT GETTIN' A RADIO MESSAGE OUT TO HEADQUARTERS, CAPTAIN? WE CAN'T HOLD OUT AGAINST A HORDE LIKE THIS!

WE'LL HAVE TO, SERGEANT! THE RADIO SHACK'S BEEN CAPTURED! WE'RE LUCKY THE RADIO MEN GOT OUT ALIVE!



KEEP UP YOUR FIRE! IF WE SHOW THESE CHARACTERS WE MEAN BUSINESS, THEY MIGHT GO BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM! MOHAMMED, YOU KNOW THIS DISTRICT! WHOSE TRIBESMEN ARE OUT THERE?

EL KORO'S! HE IS THE STRONGEST SHIEK IN THESE MOUNTAINS!



BUT AS CAPTAIN ANDERSON TRAINS HIS BINOCULARS ON THE INVADING FORCE---

O-GREAT GUNS! I SEE WHY THEY'VE ATTACKED US!



MUSAF, THE COMMIE LEADER IN NORTH AFRICA IS RIDING BESIDE EL KORO! MUSAF'S JOB IS TO CREATE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS POSSIBLE FOR THE BENEFIT OF RED PROPAGANDA!

W-WAIT, CAPTAIN! THEY'RE TURNIN' BACK!

NO, DENBY! THEY'VE JUST MOVED BEYOND RIFLE RANGE! WE'RE UNDER SIEGE! THEY'LL WAIT FOR NIGHT... THEN RUSH US IN THE DARK! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



KNOWING THE WAYS OF THESE NOMADS, WE'LL HAVE TO CAPTURE THEIR LEADERS TO MAKE THEM RETREAT! AS SOON AS DARKNESS CLOSES IN, I'M GOING OUT THERE! IF I CAPTURE MUSAF AND EL KORO, THEY'RE FINISHED!



THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE TRIBESMEN FEAST AND DRINK....

WE WON'T GET FAR IN OUR UNIFORMS! ONCE WE'RE BEYOND THE SHADOW OF THE BUILDINGS, WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP A COUPLE OF RIFLEMAN AND SWITCH COSTUMES!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN!

THIS MIGHT BE A CRAZY STUNT, BUT WHEN YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED SURPRISE IS WORTH AN EXTRA COMPANY OF MEN!

I-I HOPE SO, CAPTAIN!

BUT AS THE THREE AMERICANS REACH THE EDGE OF THE ENCAMPMENT....

YOU OVERHEARD THEIR PLANS PERFECTLY, MOHAMMED! HERE IS CAPTAIN ANDERSON ON HIS SURPRISE VISIT! QUICK, FOOLS! GET THEM!

GREAT SCOTT! MOHAMMED WAS SPYING FOR THEM! HE SNEAKED OUT AND TIPPED THEM OFF!

T-THEY'RE JUMPING US! HOLD 'EM OFF!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, CAPTAIN! T-THEY'LL SOON BE ALL AROUND US!

AT THE SAME TIME, AT THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING....

G-GOOD GRIEF! THE CAPTAINS WALKED INTO A TRAP! WE CAN'T LET THE CAPTAIN DOWN AFTER HE RISKED HIS NECK FOR US! LET'S SHOW THESE CRUMBS HOW UNCLE SAM GOT HIS REPUTATION!

BUT T-THEY'RE SO MANY OF 'EM OUT THERE, DENEY! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

TO HECK WITH HOW MANY RIFLEMAN THEY GOT! A HUNDRED OF 'EM HAVEN'T GOT THE OUTS OF ONE OF US!

M-MUSAF! THE AMERICANS HAVE GONE MAD! THEY ATTACK US AS IF THEY WERE AN ARMY! MY MEN FALL BACK!

T-THEY MUSTN'T! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! FIFTY YANKEES CAN TAKE ON OUR HORDE! WHIP THE COWARDS BACK INTO LINE! ORDER THEM TO COUNTER-ATTACK!

H-HOLY CATS! DENBY'S CHARGING THE CAMP! HE'S STAMPEDING THE HORSES; HE'S GONE BATTY!

BATTY AS A FOX! COME ON! LET'S JOIN HIM!



I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND OUR COMIN' OUT, CAPTAIN! BUT YOU ONCE TOLD ME THE BEST DEFENSE IS AN OFFENSE

I'M GLAD YOU REMEMBERED, DENBY! THERE ARE MUSAP AND EL KORD!



OKAY, MUSAP! YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU WERE ANY PLACE BUT HERE!

ONE DOWN, CAPTAIN!



MAKE IT TWO, DENBY!

FOOL! YOU ARE THROUGH!



YES! WITH YOU, MUSAP!

THEY'RE TURNIN' TAIL, CAPTAIN! SO HELP ME! THEY'RE TAKIN' TO THE HILLS!



WE DID IT! I'VE SEEN EVERYTHIN'!

YOU ALWAYS WILL, DENBY... WHENEVER TREACHERY REARS ITS UGLY HEAD AND RUNS SNACK INTO SOME OLD-FASHIONED MOXIE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WE UNDERSTAND YOU FELLERS HAD SOME TROUBLE HERE! WHAT HAPPENED?

JUST A SLIGHT CASE OF MIX-UP! SOME POOL COMMUNIST THOUGHT UNCLE SAM WAS A SOFT TOUCH! LIKE HIS FELLOW COMRADES ALL OVER THE WORLD, HE LEARNED DIFFERENT!



G.I. COMBAT

BAYONET RIDGE

THE RAZOR-BACK HILL LOCATED IN THE LINE OF BATTLE HAD THE REPUTATION OF BEING A G.I.'S PARADISE: — NO SHELLINGS...NO SCREAMING MORTARS...AND LITTLE SMALL ARMS FIRE, BUT NOW WAS ANY OBSERVING JOE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED ON BAYONET RIDGE AFTER THE SUN WENT DOWN?



I TOLD YA BAYONET RIDGE WAS A REAL SOFT SPOT, GUYS! WE'LL JUST CATCH UP ON OUR SHUT-EYE AND TAKE IT EASY!

YEAH, I THOUGHT THE PLACE WAS CREEPY AT FIRST, BUT I SURE WAS DEAD WRONG!

IT WAS DAWN! SCREAMING RED STEEL STREAKED THROUGH THE KOREAN SKY...



OVER THE FRONT LINE THEY HURTLIED! THEN, DOWNWARD WITH THEIR MESSAGE OF FIERY DEATH... OUT PAST QUIET BAYONET RIDGE... AND DOWN INTO TWO HUNDRED G.I.'S ON BATTLE-SCARRED MORTAR HILL...

RED BREAKFAST CALL AGAIN! HUG YOUR FOX-HOLES!

YAH-H-H! THE COMMIES MUST HAVE A PERSONAL GRUDGE AGAINST THIS HUNK OF HILL!



G.I. COMBAT

UNDER THE ENEMY BARRAGE PFC JOEY KEARNS KISSED THE DIRT...

EVERY MORNING THEY LOB EVERYTHING BUT STALIN'S COFFIN IN ON US, SANDY! I'D LIKE TO FINISH MY MORNING CROW JUST ONCE!

AW, STOP SQUAWKING! I'VE GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH!



YOU'D THINK WE WUZ TOP TARGETS OR SOMETHING... 'STEAD OF A BUNCH OF BATTERED CHARACTERS TRYING TO HOLD DOWN 'A STINKIN' HILL ON THE PERIMETER!

YEAH, YEAH! SO SEND 'EM A NOTE TO PLEASE LAY OFF, JOEY!



BLAST AFTER BLAST OF RED HELL RIPPED THE HILL! THEN, SUDDENLY, SILENCE...

LOOKS LIKE THE REDS WENT BACK TO THEIR MORNING RICE CAKES!

I HOPE SO! WHEW! ...LOOK, LOOK, JUST LIKE ALWAYS... NOT ONE SHELL LANDS ON THAT SCREWY LOOKING HUNK OF GROUND THEY CALL BAYONET RIDGE!



BOY, THE G.I.'S OVER THERE **REALLY** GOT IT SOFT! IMAGINE, A NICE DARK, QUIET HILL TUH JUST HIDE IN! ALL YOU EVER HEAR IS JUST A COUPLE OF M-1 SHOTS AT NIGHT... THAT'S ALL!

YEAH! I SAW A SHELL LAND THERE ONCE... JUST ONCE!



MUSTA BEEN A MISTAKE! SURE, THE SHELL WAS FAULTY... RAN OUTA STEAM BEFORE IT COULD MAKE IT!

IT'S A FUNNY LOOKING KIND OF A HILL... SORT OF HUMP-BACK LIKE!



NOW, THAT'S FOR ME! PEACE, QUIET...

MAYBE THEY JUST PLAY POKER ALL DAY OVER THERE...

PLAY POKER AND EAT, I'LL BET!

STOP DAY-DREAMING YOU DUMB DOUGH-BRAINS AND CLEAN YOUR GEAR!

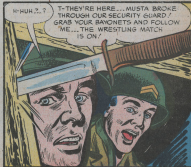


THIS IS NO GIRL SCOUT PICNIC... HIT IT!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!









PFC JOE KEARNS WAS RIGHT... THERE WERE NO WHISTLING SHELLS OR SCREAMING MORTARS ON BAYONET RIDGE... FOR THE DEFENDERS WERE ALWAYS LOCKED IN MORTAL HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!



IT WAS AN UGLY STRUGGLE... DISPOSE OF ONE VICTIM TO SEEK OUT ANOTHER IN THE DARKNESS...

T-THEY'RE 'SWARMIN' AROUND HERE LIKE BEES IN A HIVE! GOTTA GET MY HANDS ON ONE...



GOT 'IM! THIS IS YOUR LAST RAID ON THIS BUNKER, BUSTER!

W-WAIT! I'M AMERICAN!



THAT VOICE... IT'S SANDY'S! I ALMOST BEAT UP MY BEST BUDDY! CAN'T SEE ANYTHING... HOW DO YA KNOW WHEN YA GOT A COMMIE!

FEEL THE TOP OF THEIR HEADS... IF IT'S BALD... YA GOT ONE!



THE CONFLICT LASTED THROUGH THE NIGHT...

HE'S THERE... I KNOW IT! GETTING READY TO SWING... GOTTA BEAT 'IM TO THE PUNCH!

NO SECONDS IN THIS CONTEST, MAC!

ONE LESS TO WORRY ABOUT...



THEN, AS DAWN APPROACHED...

COME OUTA YA HOLES...
JOEY KEARNS HAS
GOT A LOT OF FIGHT
LEFT! WHERE ARE
YA? WHERE?

IT'S ALL OVER
FOR NOW, KEARNS!
THEY'VE CREEPT BACK
INTO THEIR HOLES!
BUT THEY'LL BE BACK
AGAIN TONIGHT...YOU'LL
GET ANOTHER CRACK
AT 'EM!



IT WASN'T UNTIL LATER THAT JOEY LEARNED
THE FATE OF HIS GOOD FRIEND...

THEY GOT POOR SANDY!
WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE HIM...
WHY COULDN'T IT'D OF
BEEN ME?

STEADY, SOLDIER.
HE'LL BE ALL
RIGHT WHEN WE
GET HIM PATCHED
UP! IT COULD HAVE
BEEN WORSE!



SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR NOISE RANG THROUGH
JOEY'S EARS...

THEY'RE
BLASTIN' AWAY AT MORTAR
HILL AGAIN I HAD IT REAL
SOFT UP THERE ONCE...
NOTHING TO DO BUT
DUCK FLYING
SHRAPNEL!

IT'S TOUGH
ANYWHERE WHEN
THERE'S A WAR.
ON, MAC! SAY...
THAT'S A MEAN
ROUND YOU GOT
THERE! I'M SENDING
YOU DOWN TO THE
BASE STATION!



AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT THE BASE OF
BAYONET RIDGE...

HO, HO! WE'RE IN LUCK, EDDY!
THIS RIDGE DOESN'T CATCH
ANYTHING HEAVIER THAN
30-30 RIFLE BULLETS!

YEAH...LOOKS
LIKE A SOLID
GOLDBRICK, DEAL!
I'D SWEAT THE
WAR OUT UP
THERE!



WHY THE STONE FACE, DOUGHFOOT!
LOSE ALL YOUR CASH
AT POKER UP THERE?

HA, HA...

SMILE...
YA NEVER
HAD IT SO GOOD!



CAN'T SAY ANYTHING...
WHAT IS THERE TO SAY?
GUESS THEY'LL FIND OUT
FOR THEMSELVES...
SOON ENOUGH!



WONDER WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
HIM...CAN'T
HE TAKE A
NEEDLE?

AW...HIS
BRAINS WENT
TO SLEEP UP
THERE ON THE
RIDGE! LET'S
SPEED IT UP,
FRANKIE...I GOT
MY HEART SET ON
A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP!



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THE LAST DAYS

HACKETT saw the MIG first and died with the yell of warning on his lips. Sergeant Morse, looking up, caught a glimpse of the plane drifting silently toward their mountain shelter and threw himself flat as the machine guns began their chattering storm. He saw Hackett caught and smashed with the yell still forming on his lips. He saw .50 caliber slugs slam and hammer their way across the plateau. Then the MIG's jets thundered again and it shot up and away from the mountain wall beyond, to vanish into the overhanging clouds. In the space of a single breath, the surprise attack was over and Hackett was dead.

Corporal Raines got up from behind a rock, swearing bitterly. "The dirty Red He cut off his jets to sneak up on us. He must have spotted us as easy targets."

"And that's what we are," Sergeant Morse said flatly, as the other five UN troops rose slowly from their shelters. "If he wants to come back again, there's no place we can hide and not much we can do."

There had been eight men trapped on the flat tip of a rocky pinnacle, caught there when a Red counter-attack had driven their comrades back off the mountain. Now there were seven. And if the Red pilot chose to play his deadly game again, there would soon be none. Grimly they laid the body of Hackett behind a rock, each wondering whose body would be next to lie beside it.

"You can't shoot down a MIG with .45s," Private Dolson complained, "and that's all we've got, since we got our machine gun blown up. I wish that skunk had waited a second longer to open his jets. He'd have crashed into those rocks beyond."

The MIG came back around noon, apparently on his way back from refueling. This time they saw him coming, but it did them little good. Again the pilot drifted down on their helplessly exposed position, gave them one savage burst of lead and then swerved away from the rocks to go on with

his prowl. This time two men were hit but none were killed.

"Next time," Raines growled, "he might be luckier."

"Or he might not," Sergeant Morse said thoughtfully. He was staring from a deep crevice up to the higher rocks beyond. "I've got a kind of crazy idea. I used to ride in planes when we flew over rough country in hot weather. Dig up anything you can that'll burn and let's see if we can give our pal a hotfoot."

There were dubious looks as the Sergeant explained his plan, but nobody had a better suggestion. The men scattered, finding branches caught in the rocks, adding paper from their pockets, scraps of clothing, anything that would burn. They were throwing the last scrap down the shallow crevice when they saw the MIG coming back, still far off but heading their way.

Hastily Sergeant Morse lit crumpled paper and dropped it onto the dry brush below, watching it catch and flame up. A moment later the whole mass of pitchy mountain pine had roared into flame. He barely had time to throw himself down as the MIG's guns once more lashed the tiny pinnacle.

Then the bird of evil was above them, above the chimney-like crevice from which black smoke was dancing. Staring up, the men saw flame wink as the jets opened, saw the MIG start to bank away from the rocks ahead.

Then they saw it suddenly lurch, twist and ram itself headon into a wall of granite. With a thunderous explosion it burst apart and fell into the depths below. The men stood up, their faces awed. "It worked," Sergeant Morse whispered, dazed. "My stunt worked."

Then they were crowding around, slapping his back, cheering him. "Worked? It was perfect. He coasted right over the hot air boiling up from the fire and the updraft tossed him exactly where you figured it would—right into the cliff."

G.I. COMBAT

THE DESERTER



ONE NIGHT, WHILE ON DUTY ON THE WEST GERMAN BORDER FRONTING THE COMMUNIST POSITIONS, CAPTAIN BROWN AND SERGEANT HERRICK HEAR A TERRIFIC COMMOTION...



THEY'VE GOT TO BE HANDLED! FALL BACK TO POSITION THREE! WE'LL HAVE ONE ADVANTAGE OVER THEM! LIGHTS!



MINUTES LATER, AS THE REDS SWARM UP A HILL....

OKAY! LIGHT UP THE AREA!

WOW, CAPTAIN! THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF 'EM!



LET THERE BE THOUSANDS! WHEN YOU TURN THE SPOTLIGHT ON A HOODLUM....AND HE CAN'T SEE YOU OR WHERE HE'S GOING....ALL HIS BRAVADO GOES DOWN THE DRAIN! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! T-THEY'RE BREAKING! THEY'RE TURNING BACK! SHALL WE FOLLOW 'EM UP?



NO! THIS LIGHT GIMMICK SAVED OUR NECKS! I WANT A STRONGER FORCE IF WE'RE GOING TO TACKLE 'EM MAN FOR MAN! SO HOLD YOUR FIRE!

OKAY, CAPTAIN! WHAT BEATS ME IS WHY THEY INVADED US? WHAT DID THEY STAND TO GAIN?



I DON'T KNOW, SERGEANT! BUT YOU CAN SAFELY BET THEY HAD THEIR REASONS! I'LL CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS JUST IN CASE THEY TRY A REPEAT PERFORMANCE!



W-WAIT A SECOND, CAPTAIN! I HEARD SOMETHING! OVER THERE...IN THE BRUSH!

I-I HEARD IT, TOO!

CAREFUL! SOME OF THE REDS COULD'VE INFILTRATED OUR POSITION!



G.I. COMBAT



DON'T TURN ON THAT FLASHLIGHT! YOU'LL BE A PERFECT TARGET!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA, I'LL PUT MY DEEP BASE VOICE TO USE!



HEY, YOU IN THERE! LISTEN! WE'VE GOT ALL OUR GUNS TRAINED AT YOU! GUNS, UNDERSTAND? YOU COME OUT NOW... BY THE TIME I COUNT FIVE...OR WE FIRE!

YOU'RE TALKING ENGLISH, SERGEANT! WHOEVER'S IN THERE...HE MIGHT THINK YOU'RE SURRENDERING TO HIM! I'LL SAY IT IN RUSSIAN!



W-WAIT! THEY'RE ANSWERIN' US...IN ENGLISH!

I-I GIVE UP! I'M ALL ALONE! D-DON'T SHOOT!

KEEP TALKING! THEN! LET YOUR VOICE GUIDE US! HEAVEN HELP YOU IF YOU DOUBT-CROSS US!



MOMENTS LATER...

OKAY! USE YOUR FLASHLIGHTS!

HOLY CATS! H-H-E'S NOT A RUSSIAN! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE HIM, CAPTAIN? HE'S SANDS! THE GUY WHO DESERTED INTO RED TERRITORY THREE WEEKS AGO!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I RECOGNIZE HIM NOW! YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, SANDS? YOU'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED!

AN' I'LL BE THE CHIEF WITNESS AGAINST HIM! I SAW HIM RUN TO "WARD THE RED LINES AND THROW HIS GUN AWAY!

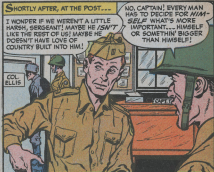


THAT'S THE WORST THING A SOLDIER CAN DO! IT'S WORSE THAN COWARDICE, SANDS, BECAUSE NOT EVERY MAN IS BORN WITH GUTS! BUT A TRAITOR... A DESERTER... BECOMES THE ENEMY OF HIS BUDDIES! HE TAKES THE OTHER SIDE!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH, SERGEANT! A DESERTER DOESN'T THINK LIKE A SOLDIER! THE DESERTER HAS NO SENSE OF SHAME, NO SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY! JENKINS! PHONE THE POST! TELL 'EM WE'RE BRINGING A DESERTER IN!

YES, CAPTAIN!







A UNANIMOUS VERDICT WAS RENDERED IN BEHALF OF PRIVATE SANDS! THE VERDICT WAS AS SERGEANT HERRICK PUT IT... "NOT GUILTY... NATCH!"



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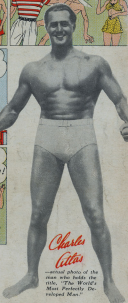
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